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sufficient to place apart on a single line every picture which is worth accepting.

The American artist has had more against him than any artist in the world's history. He has borne the neglect of his own nation and he has hardened himself in a dogged fight against heavy odds. He does not ask patronage, but should he not insist upon the mere justice of a fighting chance? Is it not time that he demand here in New York to be relieved of the yoke of misapplied architecture, and be granted an opportunity of having his work seen under the complete conditions in which it was produced?

ON AMERICAN MARINE PAINTING.



D. J. GUE
AFTER THE STORM

The attempt to paint the sea is often a pictorial algebra. The quantity X is the well-nigh impossibility to portray the writhing, hanging, coiling masses of waves which roll and tumble, and never are the same if we should wait a thousand years. Well saith Ruskin that to paint the sea is like trying to paint a soul.

But the brushes of Van de Velde, Cuyp, Backhuysen, Turner, Jules Dupré, Courbet have not become hard with dry paint. American artists have studied the pelting and foaming amphitheatre, the green and blue arena, the glittering ridges of the phosphorescent sea, or they have delineated the crags, chiselled into grace by the continuous pounding of the surf, and many have sat under the spell of the unwearied, unconquerable power, the wild fantastic, tameless unity of the Ocean.

One of the greatest of American marine painters died a few years ago. EDWARD MORAN loved the sea, and this love guided every stroke of his

brush. When his most famous painting, "The Ocean," was exhibited at the Union League Club, in 1892, Mr. Joseph H. Choate took Admiral Hopkins, of the English Navy, to see it. After silently studying the picture for some minutes the Admiral exclaimed bluntly: "I have always believed that only an Englishman could paint the sea, but it seems that I had to come to America to look upon the most almighty sea that I ever beheld on canvas."

An expressive compliment, and an epigram that describes all of MORAN'S work.

WINSLOW HOMER must be regarded as the greatest living American marine painter. He has done work along many lines—nothing is comparable to his portrayal of the delirious bound that leaps from rock to rock. To look at his wonderful canvases is like standing at the beach, hearing the ocean's roar, the thunder of which is never out of time, seeing the waves come crashing among the shingle and roll up as far as the gray pebble.

But we have other men of individual power. CARLTON T. CHAPMAN'S marine pieces are admirable in their way. They give that correct mode of imitation which characterizes the works of Van de Velde, one of the greatest marine painters that ever lived. The masterly freedom which he displays in the rigging of his vessels, whether in the great ships of war or in the smaller craft, appears in his pictures to be scarcely an effort of his sweeping brush. His effects are never artificial.

"The North Atlantic," by C. H. WOODBURY, declares a master brush. Here we see the power, majesty and deathfulness of the open, deep, illimitable sea. There are the ridges of enormous swell, not high, nor local, but a broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn, tortuous breath.

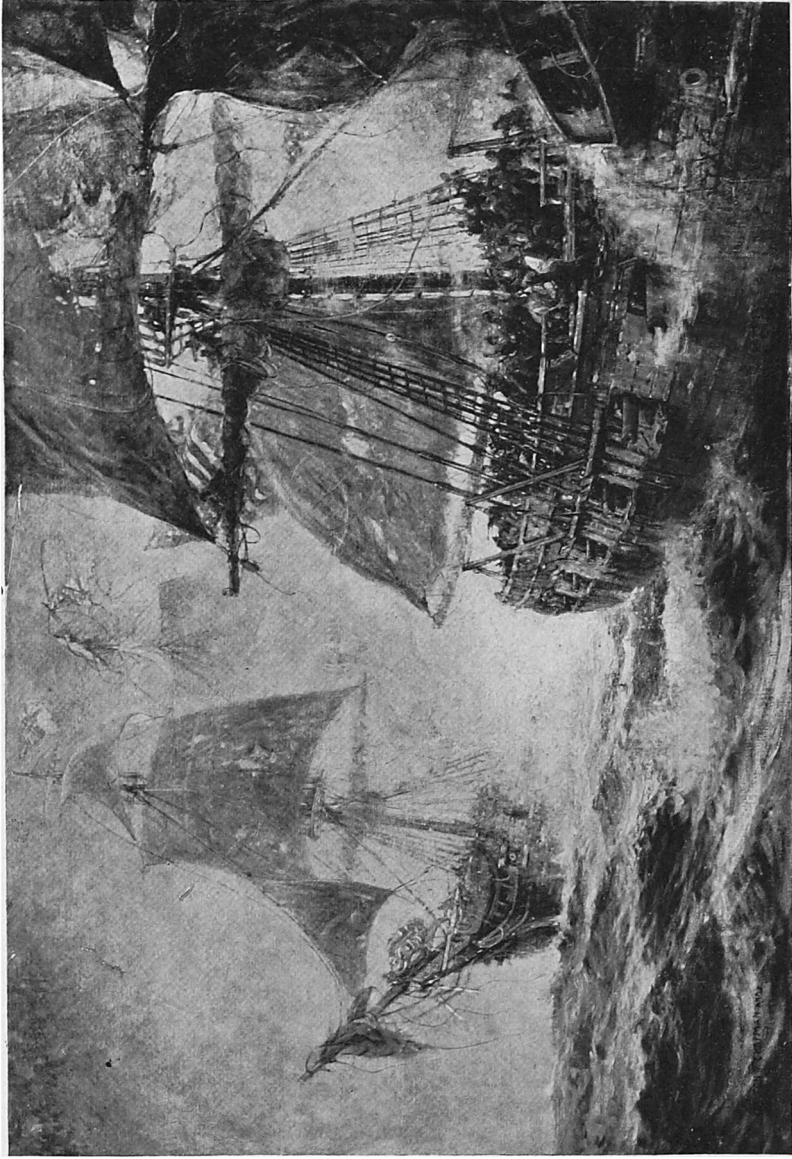
Few would have expected that after years of portrait painting D. J. GUE would have turned so forcefully to portraying the Long Island coast with its sloping beaches. It is also remarkable that this artist, whose youth was spent as a cowboy on the Western plains, and who procured a pharmacist's license and practised this profession for years, should take to the study of briny waves. But as he paints they seem to curl over to break, and the water forms a festoon like a drapery from its edge. Or again he shows the trough of the sea on which the moonlight falls, dyeing it with a glorious, silvery light.

Another man whose bent for these subjects came later in life is C. MYLES COLLIER, erstwhile Colonel in the Confederate army. This artist is establishing his reputation in ever increasing measure. He paints the crystalline hollow without a flaw, the beach scene with animated figures, or the quiet blue waters suffused by the resplendent sun.

F. K. M. REHN seems to be strongest in painting what Shakespeare calls the "yesty waves," the whipped foam after a storm which makes it like thick, creamy, clotty concretions, not like the mere white film of the surf which is formed and disappears. How impressive is his view of the ocean after a prolonged storm, only partially lulled, as the torn and streaming rain clouds lose themselves in the hollow of the night.

And after such a storm we may expect a wreck!

The best painting I have ever seen by WILLIAM RITSCHER was such a scene. The sun has vanished under an expanse of slate-colored cloud that hangs over the whole surface of the deep. The helpless, abandoned hulk has fallen in the hollow of the swell, swaying from side to side with the creak of straining timbers. Each ponderous liquid fold catches and heaves her over, the water bursting inboard in smoke through the scupper holes. Sails are blown in rags out of the bolt ropes, stanchions and chain plates gone, bulkheads sprung, the waterlogged derelict is a toy of the dreadful



CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, A. N. A.
THE "ARGUS" AND "PELICAN"—AUG. 14, 1813

splendor of the long heave of the sea. For these beautiful arching coils, in all the gloom, show yet with diamond-like flashings when the foam is chipped out of the emerald acclivities by the keen teeth of the wind.

Ritschel, in early life, was a sailor in the German Navy, and he knows what he paints. Of late he is as interesting in his Dutch beach scenes.

REYNOLDS BEAL and GIFFORD BEAL often choose marine subjects. The latter affects more the colorful tonal scene, with turbulent waves, rolling fishing smacks, brine-ploughing ocean steamers. REYNOLDS BEAL feels the magic wand of the sun as it touches the waters into a glorious revelation of blue heights and splashing wavelets. The Bostonian, W. E. NORRIS, who has moved recently to New York, shows often the dainty, dream-like picture of the tall and tapering rig of a handsome yacht float-

ing under the tender sobering shadow of the night, or the bright, flashing brilliancy of the noon sun.

The name of JAMES G. TYLER is known far and wide. His first love for the vastness of the giant element dates from early childhood, when he traversed the great lakes aboard his grandfather's vessel, who was one of the oldest captains on our inland seas. Tyler has also studied the rushing snow of the breakers for some years at Cape Ann, and the many canvases which he has painted are among the most popular seascapes with the public.

The rendering of the heave and surge of the sea and the toss and writhe of the waves is a wonderful advance upon anything that PAUL DOUGHERTY has previously accomplished. More quiet, and with the charming setting of yachting girls or virile portrayal of fishermen, are the pictures of F. MCINTOSH ARNOLD, in whose work the importance of the sea seems secondary. This is also generally the case in the canvases of HENRY REUTERDAHL, a painter of sea types on a reeling, spray-swept deck—for he affects more tempestuous surroundings.

WILLIAM S. ROBINSON has a blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue, for his canvases, and he shows in his moving waters the exquisite arrangement of curved lines, perpetually changing from convex to concave and *vice versa*, following every swell and hollow with modulating grace, and all in unison like a grand organ harmony.

In the work of WM. GEORGE RUSSELL we see the surface of calm or the force of agitated waters. J. C. NICOLL, who learned his art from the great marine painter M. F. H. DE HAAS, gives us convincingly the white spray, scooped up from the top of the curving swell and borne off by the wind, or the rugged brown rock on which the breaking waves dash high.

WALTER L. DEAN, often leaves the woods and listens to the music of the ocean's roar, and H. B. SNELL has given us Cornwall coast scenes that stir the blood. GEORGE H. McCORD also delights in the shipping of the waterfront, while A. T. BRICHER in his home in New Dorp, on the Staten Island shore, constantly studies the ocean, and in his water colors and oils shows his deep knowledge of the main.

Last year we lost a strong marine painter in W. T. RICHARDS, a mighty master, who loved the great sea and wantoned with its breakers.

The glorious Ocean! Many American artists love to paint him in his quiet moods, when, sparkling in glee, the billows mirror in flashing gold; or his angry moods with masses of scud, torn, ragged, tendril-shaped, with sooty clouds, seething tracks of foam in the tempest's fury. They love to paint the rolling fishing-smack, the dancing dory, or the driven full ship, with her storm jib-sheet to windward, a slender band of dark, close-reefed mainsail tearing at the quivering gaff, as she tosses the high spray of her bows at the rushing tidal, chopping sharply down into the livid vortex and making it flash up in white spume that smothers her like the smoking spray of a great waterfall.

The Ocean is glorious! And our American marine painters praise the sea of many waters.

At the quarterly meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, last week, the Director was authorized to hold, a year hence, an exhibition of the best recent American Art, and this will hereafter be an annual event. Mr. McGuire, Mr. Parsons and Mr. Wilson were made a special committee to perfect the details; prizes of a substantial character will be offered, including a grand prize of \$1000 with a gold medal, a second prize of \$500 with a silver medal, and a third prize of \$250 with a bronze medal. The jury is to be composed of artists of national reputation.